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6.

*AN*  
ANATOMY  
of the World.

WHEREIN,  
BY OCCASION OF  
the vntimely death of Mistris  
ELIZABETH DRVRY  
the frailty and the decay  
of this whole world  
is represented.

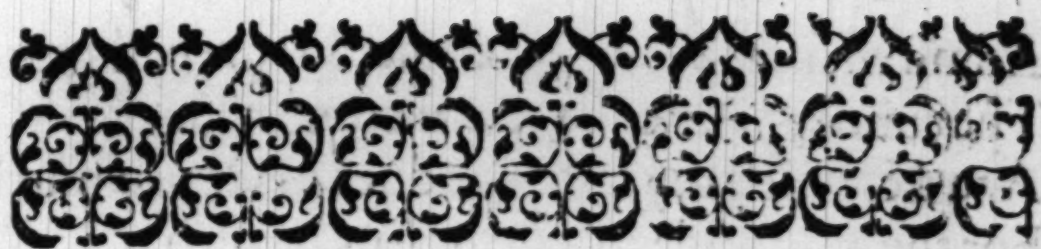
LONDON,  
Printed for *Samuel Macham.*  
and are to be solde at his shop in  
Paules Church-yard, at the  
signe of the Bul-head.

AN.DOM.

1611.







TO THE PRAISE  
of the Dead, and the  
ANATOMY.

**W**El dy'de the world, that we might liue to  
This world of wit, in his Anatomie: (see  
No euill wants his good: so wilder heyres  
Bedew their fathers Toombs with forced teares,  
Whole state requites their los: whils thus we gain  
Weil may we walk in blacks, but not complaine,  
Yet, how can I consent the world is dead  
While this Muse liues? which in his spirits stead  
Seemes to informe a world: and bids it bee,  
In spight of losse, or fraile mortalitee?  
And thou the subiect of this wel-borne thought,  
Thrise noble maid; couldst not haue found nor  
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad Fate, (sought  
Then whiles this spirit liues; that can relate  
Thy worth so well to our last nephews eyne,  
That they shall wonder both at his, and thine:



*To the praise of the Dead,*

Admired match! where striues in mutuall grace  
The cunning Pencill, and the comely face:  
A taske, which thy faire goodnes made too much  
For the bold pride of vulgar pens to touch;  
Enough is vs to praise them that praise thee,  
And say that but enough those praises bee, (head  
Which had'st thou liu'd, had hid their fearefull  
From th'angry checkings of thy modest red:  
Death bars reward & shame: when enuy's gone,  
And gaine; 'tis safe to giue the dead their owne.  
As then the wise Egyptians wont to lay  
More on their Tombs, then houses: these of clay,  
But those of brasse, or marble were; so wee  
Giue more vnto thy Ghost, then vnto thee.  
Yet what we giue to thee, thou gau'st to vs,  
And maist but thanke thy selfe, for being thus:  
Yet what thou gau'st, and wert, O happy maid,  
Thy grace profest all due, where 'tis repayd.  
So these high songs that to thee suited bine,  
Serue but to sound thy makers praise, in thine,  
Which thy deare soule as sweetly sings to him  
Amid the Quire of Saints and Seraphim,  
As any Angels tongue can sing of thee;  
The subiects differ, tho the skill agree:  
For as by infant-yeares men iudge of age,  
Thy early loue, thy vertues, did presage

What



*and the Anatomie.*

What an hie part thou bear'st in those best songs  
VWhere to no burden, nor no end belongs.  
Sing on, thou Virgin soule, whose lossefull gaine  
Thy loue-sicke Parents haue bewayl'd in vaine;  
Neuer may thy name be in our songs forgot  
Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy note,

A 4

An











AN  
ANATOMY OF  
THE WORLD.

**W**Hē that rich soule w<sup>ch</sup> to her Heauen is gone,  
whom all they celebrate, who know they haue  
(For who is sure he hath a soule, vnlesse (one,  
It see, and Iudge, and follow worthinesse,  
And by Deedes praise it? He who doth not this,  
May lodge an In-mate soule, but tis not his.)  
When that Queene ended here her progresse time,  
And, as t<sup>r</sup> her standing house, to heauen did clymbe,  
Where, loth to make the Saints attend her long,  
Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song,  
This world, in that great earth-quake languished;  
For in a common Bath of teares it bled,  
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:  
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,  
Whether the world did loose or gaine in this,  
(Because



## An Anatomy

(Because since now no other way there is  
But goodnes, to see her, whom all would see,  
All must endeavour to be good as shee,)  
This great consumption to a feuer turn'd,  
And so the world had fits, it ioy'd, it mournd.  
And, as men thinke, that Agues physicke are,  
And th' Ague being spent, giue over care,  
So thou, sicke world, mistak'st thy selfe to bee  
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Letarger.  
Her death did wound, and tame thee than, and than  
Thou mightst haue better spar'd the Sunne, or Man;  
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,  
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.  
T'was heauy then to heare thy voyce of mone,  
But this is worse, that thou art speechlesse growne.  
Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast  
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'repast.  
For as a child kept from the Font, untill  
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill  
The Ceremonies, thou unnam'd hast laid,  
Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:  
Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee forme and frame,  
And thou forgetst to celebrate thy name.  
Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,  
Measures of times are all determined)  
But long shee'ath beene away, long, long, yet none

Offers



## of the VVorld.

Offers to tell vs who it is that's gone.  
But as in states doubtfull of future heyres,  
When sickenes without remedy, empayres  
The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,  
The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:  
So mankind feeling now a generall thaw,  
A strong example gone equall to law,  
The Cymen which did faithfully compact  
And glue all vertues, now resolu'd, and slack'd,  
Thought it some blasphemy to say sh' was dead;  
Or that our weakenes was discovered  
In that confession; therefore spoke no more  
Then tongues, the soule being gone, the losse deplore.  
But though it be too late to succour thee,  
Sicke world, yea dead, yea putrified, since sh'ee  
Thy'ntrinsique Balme, and thy preseruatiue,  
Can neuer be renew'd, thou neuer liue,  
I (since no man can make thee liue) will trie,  
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.  
Her death hath taught vs dearely, that thou art  
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.  
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,  
'Tis labour lost to haue discovered  
The worlds infirmities, since there is none  
Alive to study this dissectione;  
For there's a kind of world remaining still,

Though



## An Anatomy

Though shee which did inanimate and fill  
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,  
Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light;  
A faint weak loue of vertue and of good.  
Reflects from her, on them which understood  
Her worth; And though she haue shut in all day,  
The twi-light of her memory doth stay;  
Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,  
Creates a new world; and new creatures be  
Produc'd: The matter and the stuffe of this,  
Her vertue, and the forme our practise is.  
And though to be thus Elemented, arme  
These Creatures, from home-borne, inetrinsique harme,  
(For all assum'd unto this Dignitie,  
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,  
Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne,  
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)  
Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,  
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weak,  
This new world may be safer, being told  
The dangers and diseases of the old:  
For with due temper men do then forgoe,  
Or couet things, when they their true worth know.  
There is no health; Physitians say that we  
At best, enioy, but a neutralitee.  
And can there be worse sicknesse, then to know

That



## of the VVorld.

That we are neuer well, nor can be so?  
We are borne ruinous: poore mothers crie,  
That children come not right, nor orderly,  
Except they headlong come, and fall vpon  
An ominous precipitation.

How witty's ruine? how importunate  
Vpon mankinde? It labour'd to frustrate  
Euen Gods purpose; and made woman, sent  
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.  
They were to good ends, and they are so still,  
But accessory, and principall in ill.

For that first marriage w is our funerall:  
One woman at one blox, then kill'd vs all,  
And singly, one by one, they kill vs now.  
We doe delightfully our selues allow

To that con'sumption; and profusely blinde,  
We kill our selues, to propagate our kinde.

And yet we doe not that; we are not men:

There is not now that mankinde, which was then  
When as the Sunne, and man, did seeme to strue,  
(I ynt tenants of the world) who should suru:ue.  
When Stig, and Rauens, and the long-liu'd tree,  
Compar'd with man, dyde in minoritye.

When, if a snow-patche had stolne away  
From the obseruers marking, he might stay  
Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,

And



## An Anatomy

And then make up his obseruation plaine ;  
When, as the age was long, the sife was great :  
Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat :  
So spacious and large, that euery soule  
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule :  
And when the very stature thus erect,  
Did that soule a good way towards Heauen direct.  
Where is this mankind now ? who liues to age,  
Fit to be made Methusalem his page ?  
Alas, we scarce liue long enough to trie,  
Whether a new made clocke runne right, or lie.  
Old Grandfires talke of yesterday with sorrow,  
And for our children we reserue to morrow.  
So short is life, that euery peasant strives,  
In a torne house, or field, to haue three liues.  
And as in lasting, so in length is man  
Contracted to an inch, who was a span.  
For had a man at first, in Forrests stray'd,  
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would haue laid  
A wager that an Elephant, or Whale  
That met him, would not hastily assaile  
A thing so equall to him : now alas,  
The Fayries, and the Pigmies well may passe  
As credible ; mankind decays so soone,  
We're scarce our Fathers shadowes cast at noone.  
Onely death addes t' our length : nor are we growne



## of the VVorld.

*In stature to be men, till we are none.  
But this were light, did our lesse volume hold  
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold  
Their siluer; or dispos'd into lesse glas,  
Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was.  
But 'tis not so: w' are not retir'd, but damp't;  
And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't:  
'Tis shrinking, not close-weaning, that hath thus,  
In minde and body both bedwarfed vs.  
We seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;  
Of nothing he made vs, and we strine too,  
To bring our selues to nothing backe; and we  
Do what we can, to do't so soone as hee.  
With new diseases on our selues we warre,  
And with new phisicke, a worse Engin farre.  
Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperor, in whom  
All faculties, all graces are at home;  
And if in other Creatures they appeare,  
They're but mans ministers, and Legats there,  
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce  
Them to Ciuility, and to mans vse.  
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend  
Till man came vp, did downe to man descend,  
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,  
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!  
If man were any thing, he's nothing now:*

*Helpe,*



## An Anatomy

He'pe, or at least some time to wast, a'low  
T'his other wants, yet when he did depart  
With her whom we lament, he lost his hart.  
She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd to prophesie,  
When they call'd verities by the name of Isee,  
She in whom vertue was so much refin'd,  
That for Alay unto so pure a mende  
Shee tooke the weaker Sex, th' that could drive  
The poisonous tincture, and the stayne of Eue,  
Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie  
All, by a true religious Alchimy;  
Shee, shee is dead; she's dead: when thou knowest this,  
Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.  
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomie,  
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.  
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on  
The supernaturall food, Religion,  
Thy better Growth growes withered, and scant;  
Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant.  
Then, as mankind, so is the worlds whole frame  
Quite out of ioynt, almost created lame:  
For, before God had made up all the rest,  
Corruption entred, and deprauid the best:  
It seisd the Angels. and then first of all  
The world did in her Cradle take a fall,  
And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maiime  
Wrong.



## of the VVorld.

wronging each ioynt of th'vniuersall frame.  
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than  
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.  
So did the world from the first houre decay,  
That euening was beginning of the day,  
And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,  
Like sonnes of women after fifty bee.  
And new Philosophy cals all in doubt,  
The Element of fire is quite put out;  
The Sunne is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit  
Can well direct him, where to looke for it.  
And freely men confesse, that this world's spent,  
When in the Planets, and the Firmament  
They seeke so many new; they see that this  
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomis.  
'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;  
All iust supply, and all Relation:  
Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,  
For euery man alone thinkes he hath got  
To be a Phœnix, and that then can bee  
None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.  
This is the worlds condition now, and now  
She that should all parts to reunion bow,  
She that had all Magnetique force alone,  
To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;  
She whom wise nature had inuented then

B

when



## An Anatomy

When she obseru'd that euery sort of men  
Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray,  
And needed a new compasse for their way;  
Shee that was best, and first originall  
Of all faire copies; and the generall  
Steward to Fate; shee whose rich eyes, and brest,  
Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East;  
Whose hauing breath'd in this world, did bestow  
Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,  
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,  
Is but a single money, coyn'd from her:  
She to whom this world must it selfe refer,  
As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,  
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou know'st this,  
Thou know'st how lame a cripple this world is.  
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomy,  
That this worlds generall sicknesse doth not lie  
In any humour, or one certaine part;  
But, as thou sawest it rotten at the hart,  
Thou seest a Hectique feuer hath got hold  
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould.  
And that thou hast but one way, not to admit  
The worlds infection, to be none of it.  
For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts  
Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.  
For the worlds beauty is decayd, or gone,

Beauty,



## of the VVorld.

Beauty, that's colour, and proportion.  
We thinke the heauens enioy their Sphericall  
Their round proportion embracing all.  
But yet their various and perplexed course,  
Obserr'd in diuers ages doth enforce  
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,  
Such diuers downe-right lines, such ouerthwarts,  
As disproportion that pure forme. It teares  
The Firmament in eight and fortie sheeres,  
And in those constellations then arise  
New starres, and old do vanish from our eyes:  
As though heau'n suffred earth-quakes, peace or war,  
When new Towres rise, and olde demolish'd are.  
They haue empayld within a Zodiake  
The free-borne Sunne, and keepe twelue signes awake  
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crabbe controule,  
And fright him backe, who els to eyther Pole,  
(Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:  
For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne  
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way  
One inche direct; but where he rose to day  
He comes no more, but with a cousening line,  
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:  
And seeming weary with his recling thus,  
He meanes to sleepe, being now false nearer vs.  
So, of the stares which boast that they do runne



## An Anatomy

*In Circle still, none ends where he begunne.  
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swells.  
For of Meridians, and Parallels,  
Man hath weau'd out a net, and this net throwne  
Vpon the Heauens, and now they are his owne.  
Loth to goe up the hill, or labor thus  
To goe to heauen, we make heauen come to vs.  
we spur, we raine the stars, and in their race  
They're diuersly content t'obey our pace.  
But keepes the earth her round proportion still?  
Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill  
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke  
The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sink?  
Seas are so deepe, that whales being strooke to day,  
Perchance to morrow, scarce at middle way  
Of their wish'd iourneys end, the bottom dye.  
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,  
As one might iustly thinke, that there would rise  
At end thereof, one of th' Antipodies:  
If vnder all, a Vault infernall be,  
(Which sure is spacious, except that we  
Inuent another torment, that there must  
Millions into a strait hote roome be thrust)  
Then solidnes, and roundnes haue no place.  
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face  
Of th' earth? Thinke so. But yet confesse, in this*

The



## of the VVorld:

The worlds proportion disfigured is,  
That those two legges whereon it doth relie,  
Reward and punishment are bent awrie.  
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,  
That beauties best proportion, is dead,  
Since euen grieve it selfe, which now alone  
Is left vs, is without proportion.  
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee  
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree,  
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made  
Of Harmony, he would at next haue said  
That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,  
That soules were but Resultances from her,  
And did from her into our bodies go,  
As to our eyes, the formes from obiect, flow:  
Shee, who if those great Doctors truely said  
That th' Arke to mans proportions was made,  
Had beene a type for that, as that might be  
A type of her in this, that contrary  
Both Elements, and Passions liu'd at peace  
In her, who caus'd all Ciuill warre to cease.  
Shee, after whom, what forme soe're we see,  
Is discord, and rude incongruitee,  
Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead; when thou knowst this,  
Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is:  
And learnst thus much by our Anatomce,



## An Anatomy

That here is nothing to enamor thee:  
And that, not onely faults in inward parts,  
Corruptions in our braines, or in our harts,  
Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,  
Endanger vs: but that if cuery thing  
Be not done fitly and in proportion,  
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,  
(Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)  
They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.  
For good, and well, must in our actions meeete:  
Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.  
But beauties other second Element,  
Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent.  
And had the world his iust proportion,  
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.  
As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell  
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,  
As gold fals sicke being stung with Mercury,  
All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.  
When nature was most busie, the first weeke,  
Swadling the new-borne earth, God seemd to like,  
That she should sport herselfe sometimes, and play,  
To mingle, and vary colours euery day.  
And then, as though she could not make inow,  
Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.  
Sight is the noblest sense of any one,



## of the VVorld:

Yet sight hath onely color to feed on,  
And color is decayd: summers robe growes  
Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment shoves.  
Our blushing redde, which vs'd in cheekes to spread,  
Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are redde:  
Perchance the world might haue recovered,  
If she whom we lament had not beene dead:  
But shee, in whom all white, and redde, and blue  
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,  
As in an vnnext Paradise; from whom  
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,  
Whose composition was miraculous,  
Being all color, all Diaphanous,  
(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke grosse bodies were,  
And liueliest stones; but drowsie, and pale to her,)  
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,  
Thou knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is:  
And learnst thus much by our Anatomie,  
That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.  
And that, since all faire color then did sinke,  
Tis now but wicked vanity to thinke,  
To color vitious deeds with good pretence,  
Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.  
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appears,  
Then that her influence the heau'n forbears,  
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,



## An Anatomy

The father, or the mother barren is.  
The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre  
In the due birth-time, downe the balmy showre.  
Th' Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,  
To hatch her seasons, and giue all things birth.  
Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes  
And false-conceptions fill the generall wombs.  
Th' Ayre shewes such Meteors, as none can see,  
Not onely what they meane, but what they bee.  
Earth such new wormes, as would haue troubled me  
Th' Egyptian Mages to haue made more such.  
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring  
Heauen hither, or constellate any thing,  
So as the influence of those starres may bee  
Imprison'd in an Herbe, or Charme, or Tree,  
And doe by touch, all which those starres could do?  
The art is lost, and correspondence too.  
For heauen giues little, and the earth takes lesse,  
And man least knowes their trade, and purposes.  
If this commerce twixt heauen and earth were not  
Embarr'd, and all this trafique quite forgot,  
Shee, for whose losse we haue lamented thus,  
Would worke more fully and pow'rfully on vs.  
Since herbes, and roots by dying, lose not all,  
But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,  
Death could not quench her vertue so, but that



## of the VVorld.

*It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at :  
And all the world would be one dying Swan,  
To sing her funerall prayse, and vanish than.  
But as some Serpents poison hurteth not,  
Except it be from the liue Serpent shot,  
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit  
That vnto vs ; she working more then it.  
But she, in whom, to such maturity,  
Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die,  
She from whose influence all Impressions came,  
But, by Receiuers impotencies, lame,  
Who, though she could not transubstantiate  
All states to gold, yet guilded euery state,  
So that some Princes haue some temperance ;  
Some Counsaylors some purpose to aduance  
The common profite ; and some people haue  
Some stay, no more then Kings should giue, to craue ;  
Some women haue some taciturnity,  
Some Nunneries, some graines of chastity.  
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,  
But that our age was Iron, and rusty too,  
Shee, shee is dead ; shee's dead : when thou knowst this,  
Thou knowest how drie a Cinder this world is.  
And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,  
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie  
It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or Bloud : nothing*

*Is*



## An Anatomy

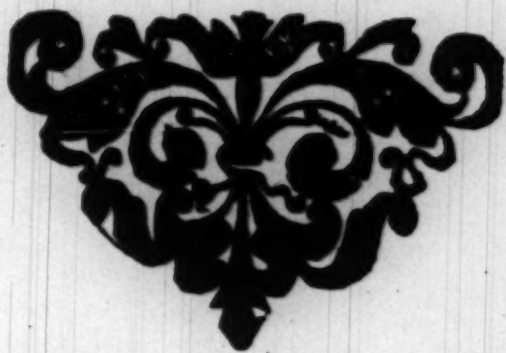
Is worth our trauaile, grieve, or perishing,  
But those rich ioyes, which did possesse her hart,  
Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.  
But as in cutting up a man that's dead,  
The body will not last out to haue read  
On euery part, and therefore men direct  
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;  
So the worlds carcasfe would not last, if I  
Were punctuall in this Anatomy.  
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell  
Them their disease, who faine would think they're wel.  
Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,  
Of whom is meant what cuer hath beene said,  
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,  
Whose name refines course lines, & makes prose song,  
Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,  
Who till his dirke short tapers end be spent,  
As oft as thy feast sees this widowed earth,  
Will yearly celebrate thy second birth,  
That is, thy death. For though the soule of man  
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than  
When man doth die. Our body's as the wombe,  
And as a mid-wife death directs it home.  
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon  
And haue your last, and best concoction  
From her example, and her vertue, if you



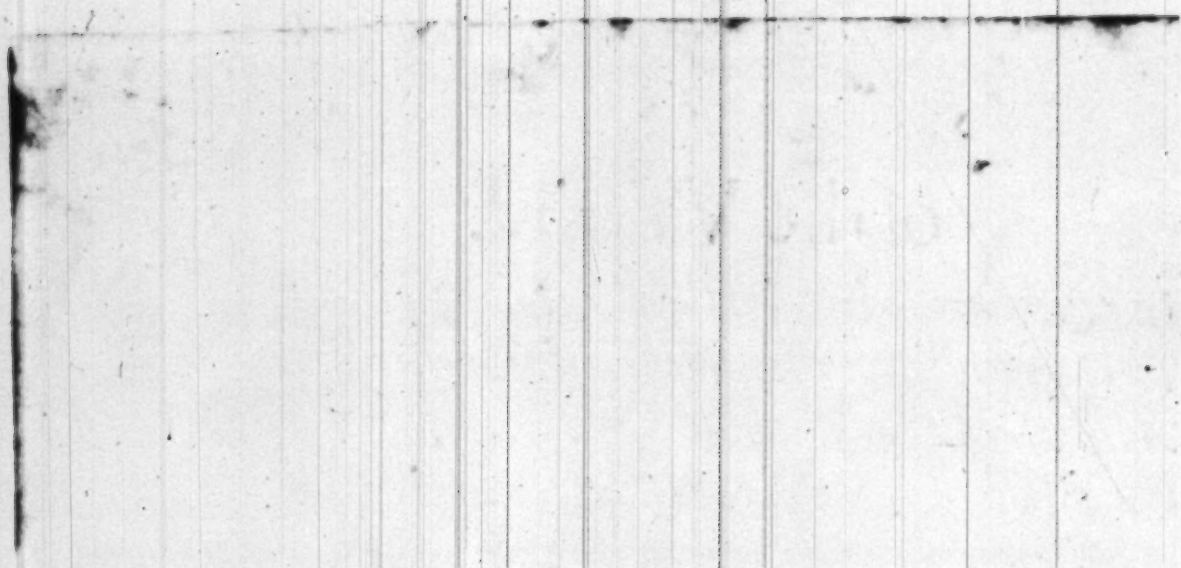
## of the VVorld.

*In reuerence to her, doe thinke it due,  
That no one should her prayes thus rehearse,  
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse,  
Vouchsafe to call to minde, that God did make  
A last, and lasting peece, a song. He spake  
To Moses, to deliuer vnto all,  
That song: because he knew they would let fall,  
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,  
But keepe the song still in their memory:  
Such an opinion (in due measure) made  
Me this great Office boldly to invade.  
Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre  
Me, from thus trying to imprison her.  
Which when I saw that a strict graue could do,  
I saw not why verse might not doe so too.  
Verse hath a middle nature: heauen keepes soules,  
The graue keeps bodies, verse the same enroules.*

A







Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a date, located in the lower right quadrant of the page. The text is illegible due to fading and the quality of the scan.





## A FVNERALL ELEGIE.

**T**Is lost, to trust a Tombe with such a ghest,  
Or to confine her in a Marble chest.  
Alas, what's Marble, Ieat, or Porphiry,  
Priz'd with the Chrysolite of eyther eye,  
Or with those Pearles, and Rubies which shee was?  
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe, 'tis glas;  
And so is all to her materials,  
Though euery inche were ten escurials,  
Yet shee's demolish'd: Can we keepe her then  
In workes of hands, or of the wits of men?  
Can these memorials, ragges of paper, giue  
Life to that name, by which name they must liue?  
Sickly, alas, short-liu'd, aborted bee  
Those Carkas verses, whose soule is not shee,  
And can shee, who no longer would be shee,  
Being such a Tabernacle, stoope to bee  
In paper wrap't; Or, when she would not lie  
In such a house, dwell in an Elegie?  
But 'tis no matter; we may well allow  
Verse to liue so long as the world will now.

For



## *A Funerall Elegie.*

For her death-wounded it. The world contains  
Princes for armes, and Counsailors for braines,  
Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for hearts, and more,  
The Rich for stomachs, and for backes the Pore;  
The Officers for hands, Merchants for feet  
By which remote and distant Countries meet.  
But those fine spirits, which doe tune and set  
This Organ, are those peeces which beget  
Wonder and loue; And these were shee; and shee  
Being spent, the world must needs decrepit bee.  
For since death will proceed to triumph still,  
He can finde nothing, after her, to kill,  
Except the world it selfe, so great as shee.  
Thus braue and confident may Nature bee,  
Death cannot giue her such another blow,  
Because shee cannot such another show.  
But must we say shee's dead? May't not be said  
That as a sundred Clocke is peece-meale laid,  
Not to be lost, but by the makers hand  
Repolish'd, without error then to stand,  
Or as the Affrique Niger streame enwombs  
It selfe into the earth, and after comes,  
(Hauing first made a naturall bridge, to passe  
For many leagues,) farre greater then it was,  
May't not be said, that her graue shall restore  
Her, greater, purer, firmer, then before?  
Heauen may say this, and ioy in't; but can wee  
Who liue, and lacke her, here this vantage see?  
What is't to vs, alas, if there haue beene  
An Angell made a Throne, or Cherubin?

We



## *A Funerall Elegie.*

We lose by't : And as aged men are glad  
Being tastelesse growne, to ioy in ioyes they had,  
So now the sicke staru'd world must feed vpon  
This joy, that we had her, who now is gone.  
Reioyce then nature, and this world, that you  
Fearing the last fires hastning to subdue  
Your force and vigor, ere it were neere gone;  
Wisely bestow'd, and layd it all on one.  
One, whose cleare body was so pure, and thin,  
Because it neede disguise no thought within.  
T'was but a through-light scarfe, her minde t'enroule,  
Or exhalation breath'd out from her soule.  
One, whom all men who durst no more, admir'd;  
And whom, who ere had worth enough, desir'd;  
As when a Temple's built, Saints emulate  
To which of them, it shall be consecrate.  
But as when Heau'n lookes on vs with new eyes,  
Those new starres eu'ry Artist exercise,  
What place they should assigne to them they doubt;  
Argue, and agree not, till those starres go out:  
So the world studied whose this peece should be,  
Till she can be no bodies else, nor shee:  
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, desir'd  
Rather t'adorne, then last, shee soone expir'd;  
Cloath'd in her Virgin white integrity;  
For mariage, though it doe not staine, doth dye.  
To scape th'infirmities which waite vpon  
Woman, shee went away, before sh'was one.  
And the worlds busie noyse to ouercome,  
Tooke so much death, as seru'd for *opium*.

For



## *A Funerall Elegie.*

For though she could not, nor could chuse to die,  
Shee'ath yeelded to too long an Extasie.

He which not knowing her sad History,

Should come to reade the booke of destiny,

How faire and chaste, humble and high shee had beene,

Much promis'd, much perform'd, at not fiftene,

And measuring future things, by things before,

Should turne the leafe to reade, and read no more,

Would thinke that eyther destiny mistooke,

Or that some leaues were torne out of the booke.

But 'tis not so: Fate did but vs her

To yeares of Reasons vse, and then infer

Her destiny to her selfe; which liberty

She tooke but for thus much, thus much to die.

Her modesty not suffering her to bee

Fellow-Commissioner with destinee,

Shee did no more but die; if after her

Any shall liue, which dare true good prefer,

Euery such person is her delegate,

T'accomplish that which should haue beene her fate.

They shall make vp that booke, and shall haue thanks

Of fate and her, for filling vp their blanks.

For future vertuous deeds are Legacies,

Which from the gift of her example rise.

And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituall mirth,

To see how well, the good play her, on earth.

*FINIS.*



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